

## Tommy Doyle's Madhouse: A Multi-Part Halloween Story

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Category: Halloween

Genre: Drama, Horror

Language: English

Characters: Lindsey W., Lonnie E., Michael M., Tommy D.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-30 23:48:25

Updated: 2014-06-30 23:48:25

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:42:15

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,558

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: He was only eight when he first saw him, but he was one of the lucky ones: he survived. Now, his story is told in full: the history of Tommy Doyle. Experience the classic films through the eyes of a young man who's childhood trauma became a deadly obsession. Read Part 1 now; Part 2 coming soon...

## Tommy Doyle's Madhouse: A Multi-Part Halloween Story

So, here's another "Halloween" story, this one also set in the "Mark of Thorn" saga, the second part of which is set to be ready by October, 2016. But for now, a multi-part short story centering around Tommy Doyle. The story retells the films through the eyes of Tommy Doyle, as he lets his childhood trauma grow into a deadly obsession as an adult. This story began life as an alternate prologue to "Halloween: Vengeance," but was cut out. I never let it go, and it eventually evolved into what it has become. And now, on with the show...

\* \* \*

><p>November 1st, 1995<p>

Smith's Grove-Warren County Sanitarium

150 Miles from Haddonfield, Illinois

2:36 A.M.

Tommy Doyle opened the door with force, sending it swinging on its hinges to slam loudly on the wall as he ran as fast and as far away from the immobile Shape on the floor as his twenty-five year old legs could take him. He had had an extremely long night, but thank the good Lord above it was finally over!

\_Jesus H. Christ, my life sucks.\_

Tommy Doyle was only a mere twenty-five years old, but his face betrayed the horrors of his past; he had seen some horrifying shit. His handsomely chiseled facial features were a perfect curtain for the dark secrets he harbored within his soul. His short brown crew-cut hair made him look like every other twenty-five year old male in the mid-nineties. But not every other twenty-five year old male in the mid-nineties could say that they had faced down the most wanted serial killer in the Midwest region of the United States of America twice and live to tell the tale. He was only eight years old when he first saw him. But he was one of the few lucky ones; he survived.

\* \* \*

><p>October 31st, 1978<p>

Haddonfield, Illinois

It was Halloween, the most anticipated day of the year for anyone under the age of thirteen and a select few who were, at most, twice that age. That morning, Tommy woke up more excited than he usually was. Today was not only Halloween, but also the day of the pumpkin patch field trip. He rushed downstairs to eat his breakfast, and then, once he was dressed and ready, ran out the door. He was only two blocks away from his house when he saw his best friend and babysitter, Laurie Strode.

"Laurie!" he called out, waving his arms and rushing to catch her.

To him, Laurie Strode was a giant. In reality, she was less than 5'9", but to Tommy, who was only a diminutive 4'4", she might as well have been around seven feet tall. Tommy craned his neck to look up at the vertically-gifted Laurie.

"Are you coming over tonight?" Tommy asked.

"Same time, same place," Laurie said sweetly.

"Can we make jack o' lanterns?"

"Sure," Laurie replied.

"Can we watch some monster movies?"

"Sure," Laurie replied again.

"Will you read to me? Can we make popcorn?"

Good Lord, this kid asks a lot of questions, Laurie thought. But she held her tongue and just agreed to everything he said.

They walked together for a few blocks because their schools were only a block apart from each other. After a while, Tommy broke the silence again.

"Why are we walking to school this way?" the young Tommy asked.

Because me dad asked me to," Laurie said.

"Why?"

"I have to drop of a key," Laurie told him.

"Why?" Tommy was just full of questions.

"Because he's gonna sell a house," Laurie said, her patience clearly starting to wear thin.

"Why?"

"Because that's his job," Laurie said with a laugh, the only thing she could do to stop herself from strangling the eight year old cutie.

"Where?" Tommy asked

"The Myers house," Laurie replied. That seemed to shut Tommy up... for a microsecond.

"The Myers house?" Tommy asked in disbelief as they finally found the big building.

Tommy stood outside the gate of the house as he and Laurie came to a stop in front of the decrepit looking homestead. Everyone who was worth their salt in Haddonfield knew the story of young Michael Myers. Or, at least, some variation of it; the story of how, on Halloween night fifteen years ago to the day, the six year old child who had taken a kitchen knife to his sister Judith and stabbed her to death in cold blood. He had been locked away ever since...

As for the house, it was a simple house, with two stories and a traditional American architecture; they just didn't build them like this anymore.

But the house had fallen into ruin in the fifteen years since the surviving Myers family members abandoned it. The gutter was falling off; several windows were shattered and the evidence lay on the grass surrounding the property. The paint was peeling away or fading, revealing graying boards that made the house more ominous than it really was. A white and red "For Sale" sign from "Strode Realty" was hammered into the front yard.

"You're not supposed to go up there!" Tommy shouted.

"Yes, I am," Laurie chuckled as she jangled a set of keys in the air in front of Tommy and went through the front gate. She walked up to the door, dropping the key through the mail slot. Laurie returned to Tommy's side, unharmed.

"Lonnie Elam says that's a haunted house!" Tommy argued as they continued on their way. "He says awful stuff happened there once!"

"Lonnie Elam probably won't get out of the sixth grade." Laurie said comfortingly.

"I gotta go," Tommy said. "I'll see you tonight."

He ran off in one direction towards his school while Laurie walked in another direction behind him. If he had turned around, he would have seen a strange man staring after Laurie before turning his attention to Tommy.

Tommy ran up into the parking lot where the bus was idling, a large group of kids standing in a huddle right next to it. The teacher was towering above them all, her hair flowing down to her waist.

"Alright, kids, when we get to the pumpkin patch, we're going to pair off into groups of three," she said aloud. Tommy joined up with the back of the group where Lindsay Wallace, a shy young girl with long dark hair, was standing alone.

Lindsay was a good friend of Tommy's, and had been since they were in kindergarden two years ago. That first day of school, they had ridden the bus home and discovered that they lived directly across the street from each other, and played together nearly every day after they got home.

Lindsay turned around when Tommy arrived, and she let out a big smile and gave him a bigger hug.

"Lindsay, let go of me," Tommy shouted silently. He was as quiet as he could be, but Lonnie Elam heard him anyway.

Lonnie was the bully at Haddonfield Elementary School, and he had been held back, so he was already ten and still in second grade, and much bigger than Tommy. He had two cronies with him at all times whose names Tommy didn't know. The taller one was Keith, and the shorter was Reggie; their only jobs were to stand next to Lonnie and agree with everything he said.

Lonnie turned on the spot as Tommy chastised Lindsay, and began chanting, "Tommy and Lindsay, sitting in a tree, f-u-c-k-i-n-g!"

"Hey, you said a bad word," Lindsay whispered. "I'm telling the teacher."

He and his cronies sniggered to themselves as the teacher finished the rules and ushered the kids onto the bus.

Lindsay rushed up to her, but Tommy held her back, simply shaking his head.

"Don't give them the satisfaction; if you tell Mrs. Peabody, it'll just let him know he got to you."

Lindsay nodded, and got on the bus, making sure she sat a long ways away from Lonnie. She found an empty seat at the back of the bus, and sat in it while Tommy took the solo seat on the opposite side of the alley.

"So what are you going to be for Halloween tonight?" Lindsay asked.

"I'm Luke Skywalker." Tommy said enthusiastically. He reached into

his bag and pulled out a tiny metal tube with a short blue end. "I even have my lightsaber."

"Better watch it, or I'll beat you with it, Sky-dork!" Lonnie sneered as the bus left the parking lot.

The trip to the pumpkin patch had been largely uneventful. Lonnie had, as usual, made a fool of himself with his antics, such as talking down to the teacher and other things like that.

Lindsay stuck close to Tommy for the duration of the trip, and the ride back to school and the rest of the school day passed by rather uneventfully. Tommy had picked out a pumpkin that was massive, about four pounds. He had been told by Mrs. Peabody that it was one of the biggest ones she had seen; that made Tommy proud.

When the final bell rang, Tommy was the first one out the door. He ran to his locker and set his pumpkin down before fiddling with the combination. When he finally opened it, he grabbed his letterman jacket and slung it on. When he closed the door, he found Lonnie Elam standing over him with Keith and Reggie.

"What do you want, Lonnie?" Tommy asked as he picked up the pumpkin.

"I hear you went to the boogieman's house this morning," Lonnie sneered. "You do realize now you're on his list?"

"Am not. The boogieman isn't real," Tommy shot as he turned to walk away. Unfortunately, Lonnie wasn't gonna give up so easily. He and his goons began following Tommy and continued to taunt him.

This continued all the way outside to the covered walkways that connected the school's buildings like a spider-web of concrete. Tommy tried to ignore them, but turned around to tell them off.

"Leave me alone, jackass," Tommy shouted.

"He's gonna get you!" Lonnie mocked. This sparked an almost ritualistic chanting of the same phrase from his ignoramus lackeys.

"The boogieman is coming," Lonnie said.

"I said leave me alone!" Tommy shouted again.

"He doesn't believe us," Lonnie said to Reggie. "Don't you know what happens on Halloween?"

"Yeah," Tommy said defensively. "We get candy!" This just sparked a riotous laughter from Lonnie and his ilk before breaking into another ritualistic chant of "boogieman."

They surrounded Tommy, laughing and still chanting. Tommy made a break for it, but Lonnie stuck out his foot and tripped Tommy. He landed on the concrete and smashed the enormous pumpkin. Lonnie and the others laughed and ran off. Disheartened, Tommy left the pumpkin and all its guts lying on the concrete for the janitor to clean up.

He was completely unaware of the Shape that was following him...

Tommy's parents were already home, preparing for their night out when Tommy walked through the door, looking sullen.

"Tommy, is that you?" his mother called from upstairs.

"Yeah, it's me," Tommy said, all the sadness in the world coming out on that sentence.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" his mom asked. Tommy heard footsteps from upstairs and his mom soon appeared on the staircase, wrapped in a robe with her hair already done.

"Lonnie Elam made me drop my pumpkin." Tommy mourned as he went into the kitchen for a snack.

"Oh, honey," his mother said. "You know, you're eventually gonna have to stand up to that Lonnie kid."

"But he's always got his friends with him. I'm always outnumbered."

"Well one day, he'll be alone and that's when you got to give it to him. Now how about I make you a snack? And then you go upstairs and get ready for Laurie. She'll be here in an hour or so."

Linda had just left Laurie's house when the phone rang, \_again!\_ Laurie walked over to the night stand where it was and answered it.

"Hello..." she asked nervously. She had gotten an obscene phone call earlier, but it turned out to just be Annie playing a prank. Even so, she had plenty of reason to be paranoid.

"Laurie, it's Mrs. Doyle."

"Oh, hi," Laurie said relieved. "Is something wrong?"

"Well, sort of. Lonnie Elam was giving Tommy a hard time today and broke Tommy's pumpkin. I was wondering if you could grab him another one from the store? I'll reimburse you for it."

"Oh, that'll be fine." Laurie said. "You don't have to pay me back."

"Oh, thank you, Laurie. Tommy will love it."

By the time Laurie arrived at Tommy's house, it was just after dark.

"Oh, thank you for doing this, Laurie," Tommy's mom said.

"It's no problem," Laurie responded. "I like looking after Tommy."

"Well, all the same, we really appreciate it," Tommy's father said. "As usual, emergency numbers are on the table next to the phone."

The first thing Tommy and Laurie did when his parents left was go trick-or-treating. Not long after they got back, Annie Brackett came over with Lindsay, who lived across the street.

As Laurie and Annie talked, Lindsay and Tommy were in the dining room, eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Lindsay eyed the pumpkin on the counter.

"What happened to your pumpkin; that doesn't look like the one you had earlier."

"Lonnie made me trip and I smashed it," Tommy replied.

"I'm sorry," Lindsay said.

"Don't be too sorry; we're about to carve it!" Laurie said as Annie walked out the door.

Tommy and Lindsay cheered, and rushed to get the carving equipment.

"Come on, Laurie," Tommy exclaimed later that evening after the horror movie on TV had finished. "Just a few more minutes!"

"Yeah, just a few more minutes!" Lindsay mimicked.

"No go, kiddos," Laurie said sternly. "Time for bed; you both got school in the morning." Laurie ushered the pair of them upstairs to Tommy's bedroom, where they were soon passed out on Tommy's bed.

An image played in Tommy's mind. He pictured a stone, thin and rounded at the top. Words were inscribed on it, but he couldn't read them. It was propped up at the headboard of a bed, and a young woman was laying still in front of it. Then, there was a scream...

"TOMMY! Tommy, open the door, PLEASE!"

Tommy, sleepy eyed, remembered vaguely what happened next. He shuffled his sleepy self to the front door and opened it, only to be nearly run over by Laurie, who rushed in and locked the door behind him.

"Tommy, go upstairs and lock the door!" Laurie screamed as she fumbled with the lock.

"What's wrong? Is it the boogieman?" Tommy asked.

"JUST DO AS I SAY!"

That was all the motivation Tommy needed. He rushed back upstairs and rushing back into the room where Lindsey was sleeping and locking the door.

"Tommy, what's wrong?" Lindsey asked as she was roused from her sleep.

"I don't know," Tommy said. "Laurie's really scared about something." There were the muffled sounds of a scuffle downstairs and a scream from Laurie, but things went quiet after that. Then, there were

footsteps.

Scared, Lindsey grasped Tommy's hand. Tommy, even seventeen years later, never forgot that moment when Lindsey's cold hands were pressed against the back of his skin. Then, Laurie spoke.

"Tommy, Lindsey, unlock the door," she said heavily. Tommy and Lindsey rushed out the door and saw Laurie. They threw their arms around her as she began speaking to them.

"Now we're gonna take a little walk," Laurie said, her voice full of fear.

"Was it the boogieman?" Tommy asked.

"I'm scared," Lindsey said.

"There's nothing to be scared of," Laurie said.

"Are you sure?" Tommy asked. Laurie nodded. "How?"

"I killed him," Laurie said.

"But you can't kill the boogieman," Tommy said.

Something caught the corner of his eye. Tommy leaned his head around; a man in a white mask was coming around the top landing of the stairs and towards Laurie, Lindsey, and himself. Tommy and Lindsey fled back into the closet they were hiding in and, outside, could hear the scuffle between the Shape and Laurie.

After several harrowing moments followed by a bout of silence, they heard a knock on the door; it was Laurie again.

"Tommy, unlock the door," Laurie said, sounding defeated. Tommy did so and walked out to the kneeling Laurie.

"Now listen to me," she said. "I want you to go down the stairs and out the front door. I want you to go down the street to the McKenzie's house. I want you to tell them to call the police and tell them to send them over here."

Tommy started to say something, only to be interrupted by Laurie.

"Do you understand me?"

Tommy managed a weak "Uh-huh" as he led Lindsey out of the house. As Tommy ran out of the house with Lindsey close behind, he saw across the street a Mephistophelean figure in goatee, bald head, and trench coat fluttering in the wind, and they shrieked even louder, turning tail and fleeing into a backyard. "It's him, the Bogeyman!" he heard one shout.

He hurdled a rustic fence and dashed into the yard. "Children, it's all right," he murmured in his most reassuring tone, "it's all right, kids, I'm your friend."

They were not difficult to find. He spotted their light clothing behind a tree too narrow to conceal them, and though he knew it would



scare the wits out of them if their wits hadn't been totally scared out of them already, he had to capture them to find out what they were running away from.

He tiptoed up to the tree, then dashed around it, tackling them both in strong but gentle arms. They broke into hysterical cries and wriggled in his arms in a desperate effort to escape. He clutched them tightly, uttering tender blandishments to soothe them until at last they relaxed long enough to answer his questions.

"Where are you coming from?"

"There," the little boy said with a general sweep of the western horizon.

"Where's there? Show me."

They escorted him back to the front lawn. Tommy pointed to a house catty-corner from their position. Its lights were out, its front door wide open.

"What's going on out there?" a voice shouted. A porch light went on and a man in pajamas stormed out of the house.

"There's trouble across the street. Serious trouble," the trench coated man said, dragging the children to the man by the collars of their shirts. "Take these kids and call the police at once. Get Sheriff Brackett. Tell him I've found our friend at...at that house there."

"The Doyle house?"

"Whichever that one is with the open door."

"Mister, is this a joke? I mean, I've been trick-or-treated to death tonight."

"You don't know what death is," the man hissed, drawing his gun as he rushed across the street.

The man in pajamas took the children into his house and called the police. Shortly thereafter, there were six distinct gunshots coming from the house across the street, and all manner of emergency vehicles pulled to a screeching halt not long after.

Thirty or so minutes later, Tommy and Lindsay's parents returned and picked up their kids.

"Tommy," Mrs. Doyle shouted as she embraced her son. "Oh God, I'm so glad you're okay! Where's Laurie? Is she...?"

"Mister and Misses Wallace?" The shout came from Officer Barnes. "Look, obviously we can't let you go into your house right now because of the crime scene. Now, Sheriff Brackett is on his way down here, but you need to know that one of the bodies inside there is his daughter, Annie."

Lindsay's parents gasped at that.

"Oh God, she was babysitting Lindsay here!" Mrs. Wallace

cried.

"Yes, fortunately, she wasn't harmed. She was apparently over at the Doyle residence."

"Where's Laurie?" Mrs. Doyle repeated.

"She's already been taken to the hospital," Barnes explained.

"What about the killer?" Mr. Wallace shouted. "I expect he's been apprehended?"

"Now, we're canvassing the area; we're doing our best to--"

"Best?" This came from Tommy's father. "You mean he's still loose?"

"He will be captured before this night is over. We already know who this is, and we have several officers canvassing the area for him."

"Well where the hell are we supposed to sleep tonight?" Mr. Wallace bellowed. Mr. Wallace carried on his conversation with Barnes, but Tommy and Lindsay could barely understand what they were shouting. They were too busy embracing one another as they sat on the curb behind their parents, looking on with blank, scared faces...

End  
file.